

HALLBOYS ADD TO HEVENOR TANGLE

Aid Husband's Divorce Action
With Tales of Posing
Nude at Window.

WIFE SAYS THEY LIE

Denies She Amused Herself by
Throwing Bottles From
Fourth Floor.

The evidence in the divorce suit brought by Harvey H. Hevenor against Grace D. Hevenor was concluded yesterday afternoon after witnesses for the husband had testified that Mrs. Hevenor had posed nude before the windows of her apartment at 536 West 122nd street without taking the trouble to draw the curtains. "And did you pose before the windows of your apartment in an unclothed state?" asked Mrs. Hevenor's attorney.

"Not knowingly ever," said Mrs. Hevenor. "I have seen other folks in the house quite decently."

Didn't Throw Bottles, She Says.
John J. Wilkinson, superintendent of the apartment house, who was one of the witnesses who told of sights at the windows of the Hevenor apartment, also said he saw Mrs. Hevenor hurl bottles out of her apartment on the fourth story.

"Of course I never threw bottles," said Mrs. Hevenor. "This man is trying to get even with me because I complained to the landlord about him. Some one stole my baby's bicycle."

Mrs. Hevenor was questioned concerning the testimony of a hallboy who said he was on duty in the house on November 12 last, the night of the raid at the Hotel Navarre, when Mr. Hevenor alleges, he caught his wife in a room long after midnight with the correspondent in the case. The boy had testified that Mrs. Hevenor came in at 2:30 A. M. with a man answering the description of the correspondent.

"The boy lies," said Mrs. Hevenor. "I returned home at 11 o'clock that evening and Mr. Winters left me at the door. There were no boys about the hall. I have had disputes with both those boys because they were never at the switchboard when I wanted to telephone."

The other boy, Clifford Butler, testified that he knew Mrs. Hevenor went out at 7:10 o'clock that night because he looked at his watch.

Story of Watch Awakens Curiosity.
"Have you the watch with you?" asked a juror.

"No, I threw it away," replied the boy. "What kind of a watch was it?"

"It was a dollar watch and no good," said the witness. This testimony led a number of the jurors to take turns at questioning the boy, indicating that they were not satisfied with the quality of the evidence.

When asked why her husband's sister, Mrs. Nixon, housekeeper for Mrs. Paul D. Cravath, had testified against her, Mrs. Hevenor said:

"Any woman who would steal my baby would testify to anything."

In summing up for Mrs. Hevenor her attorney said that there has not been one scintilla of evidence to prove the charges made by this false husband. He demanded the methods pursued by Hevenor in getting evidence against his wife and asserted that there was a conspiracy.

"The coincidences are too smooth to be anything but prearranged," said Lawyer McNish.

The case will go to the jury to-day.

ENDORSES BREAD DEPOT'S WORK.
Independent Charity Helper Promotes to Aid Two Families.

Free bread found its way into the hands of the needy persons who called at The Sun's free bread depot, 240 Elizabeth street, yesterday at the rate of ten loaves a minute. The depot was open, as usual, from 2 o'clock to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so there were 1,500 destitute visitors.

But there were as well many well-to-do persons who dropped in to watch the apparently endless supply of ragged and weakened looking women come into the place, take their loaf and depart.

Without exception they gave their hearty approval of the undertaking. One woman who said she is an independent charity worker took the names of two families that have been subsisting on Sun bread and went out to see what she could do for them.

Before the doors opened yesterday there were 500 men waiting. Practically all were Americans. Here and there one could be seen whose features did not give an impression of poverty and misery, but such men were few and far between.

During the first hour 1,000 loaves were given away. Most of the bread went to men. About 200 women came and they were of all nationalities, from Italian to Irish and American.

There was \$13 contributed for free bread yesterday and \$10 for the families of Cambridge for one of the families mentioned in THE SUN of March 22. Edith M. Thomas, \$5; J. S. F., \$5; M. D., \$2; an unknown giver, \$1.

DEAN G. F. BROWN FALLS DEAD.
Rector of Morristown Church Dies While on Shopping Tour.

The Very Rev. George F. Brown, rector of the Roman Catholic Church of the Assumption, Morristown, N. J., fell dead of a heart disease yesterday in an importing china shop at 34 West Thirty-sixth street. He drove up in the automobile of Mrs. Newton, one of his parishioners, and was stricken soon after he entered the shop. He had recently recovered from a severe illness.

Dean Brown was one of the best known priests in the Newark diocese. He was born in Hoboken, January 18, 1859, and received his early education in the Academy of the Sacred Heart in that city. He was graduated from St. Francis Xavier College, New York, and entered Seton Hall College in 1886. He was ordained to the priesthood on May 23, 1891.

Dean Brown served as a curate at St. Mary's Church, Bayonne, Holy Cross Church, Harrison, and the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken. He was appointed vice-president of Seton Hall College in 1899, and in June, 1900, became rector of the Church of St. Mary's, Madison, New Jersey. He was in charge of St. Mary's parish in Rahway from 1905 until 1910. He was transferred to the Church of the Assumption, Morristown, on January 31, 1910, succeeding the late Mr. Joseph P. Flynn. He was an irremovable rector.

Dean Brown was an associate editor of the Catholic Monitor. He was very fond of golf and belonged to the Morris County Golf Club.

DEATH RATE FOR WEEK MOUNTS.
Commissioner Goldwater Blames Increase for Increase.

The mortality rate for the week ended March 23 was 16.42 per 1,000 population, which is an increase of .06 over the corresponding week in 1913. The actual deaths were 1,757, an increase of 72.

According to Health Commissioner Goldwater the increase is due to greater prevalence of influenza and an increase in the diseases of the respiratory organs. Violent deaths increased from 76 to 100, the increase being due to accidental causes.

The rate for the first twelve weeks of 1914, was 14.85 per 1,000 population, which is 25 less than for the same period in 1913.

ELEANOR GATES IS SUED FOR DIVORCE BY RICHARD W. TULLY



MRS. RICHARD WALTON TULLY (ELEANOR GATES).

Word reached this city from Los Angeles last night that Richard Walton Tully, author of "The Rose of the Rancho," "A Bird of Paradise" and "Omar the Tentmaker," now running here, had sued Mrs. Tully, better known as Eleanor Gates, author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," for divorce, charging desertion. The couple have been separated for more than a year.

When the news of the suit was conveyed by telephone to Miss Gates in her apartment 118 West Fifty-ninth street, she laughed and said:

"That's very good news, indeed, though I know nothing of Mr. Tully's intention. He probably expected me to bring a suit. We have been separated a long time, you know, and the probability is that he would like to get married again."

"I have never asked for divorce, you know, for any suit that I could start in New York would have involved Mrs. Tully's name. In California the law is a little more merciful and allows a divorce on a sensible ground."

"However, if any woman wants to marry Mr. Tully, she is welcome to him. I am very glad to be free, but when a woman has suffered there is no reason why she should not go back to him. I am sure that if I could go back to him, I would do so."

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SON'S INCOME ONLY \$800, SAYS BELMONT

Financier's Testimony Questioned at Hearing of Separation Suit.

LAWYER IS SCEPTICAL

Asks Explanation of Drop in Figures—Belmont Cuts Them Lower.

August Belmont was on the witness stand for several hours yesterday afternoon as a witness for his son in the suit of Mrs. Ethel Lorraine Belmont against Raymond Belmont for a separation on the ground of abandonment. The gist of Mr. Belmont's testimony was that as a result of the income made into his son's property by the sums he paid to his wife both before and after he married her the son now has an income of only about \$800 a year and has no prospect of getting any more.

Edmund L. Mooney, counsel for Mrs. Belmont, objected to testimony by Mr. Belmont as to his son's property and insisted that Raymond Belmont should have been brought back from England and produced for that purpose. The lawyer hinted that some of the figures "looked suspicious" to him.

John J. Coakley, a clerk for August Belmont & Co., had been called to identify two ledgers and an account book containing the figures showing Raymond Belmont's income. It was then that Mr. Belmont took the clerk's place on the witness stand.

Mr. Belmont said that he had kept watch of his son's account and was sure that only \$1,000 would remain after the payment of his debts.

"I am not entirely satisfied that this estate is fading away so fast," said Mr. Mooney. "The last thing I heard was that the young man had \$41,000, and now it is shown to be \$15,000."

Mr. Belmont said that one reason his son's property had decreased so rapidly was that he was in the habit of drawing overdrafts, which necessitated selling some of his securities to keep his accounts straight. He said that while the balance in his son's account would be an income of \$1,751 a year the deduction of a charge of \$10,000 for legal expenses and the payment of a number of overdrafts would reduce the sum to less than \$1,000. He thought the total would be \$14,292, which would yield an income of \$612 a year.

They came East in 1913 and took apartments in the Hotel Woodstock. Within a short time after their arrival they separated and Miss Gates took apartments in Fifty-ninth street. In admitting the separation at that time Miss Gates said that she entertained the friendliest feelings for her husband, saying there was no bitterness between them. She said at the time: "We were separated last spring about the time 'The Bird of Paradise' was put on. In April I agreed to forget what had given me pain. But I cannot, something is gone that I cannot get back. Mr. Tully and I have different ideas about life. Perhaps I am a little old fashioned. I am sure that I am an idealist, and that does not always make for marital happiness."

CABLES "ROOSEVELT ALL RIGHT."
Message May Refer to Party—From Consul at Para, Brazil.

A cable message was received yesterday by Secretary Sherwood of the American Legation in Santos, Brazil, from the United States Consul Pickrell at Para, Brazil, as follows:

"Roosevelt all right. Arriving at Manaus by way of Tapajós River." "This is the first time to mean that Col. Roosevelt had been heard from and was continuing his adventures without mishap, but reflection persuaded the officials of the museum that the dispatch perhaps did not refer to the ex-President at all."

As explained by Mr. Sherwood, an earlier message from Anthony Flala stated that the Roosevelt branch of the party was following the Rio Negro River (the Rio of Doubt) and that he, Flala, was coming down the Tapajós River to Manaus.

"I think in sending the Consul's correspondence simply to mean that Col. Roosevelt had been heard from and was continuing his adventures without mishap, but reflection persuaded the officials of the museum that the dispatch perhaps did not refer to the ex-President at all."

BRIDEGROOM BEATS IMPORTER.
Accuses Him of Flirting With His Wife—Fined \$10 in Night Court.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parent of Lewisburg, Pa., came to town last night on their honeymoon. On the ferry the young husband thought some one was trying to flirt with his pretty bride. When the boat landed he went up to Ernest Markert, a fruit importer from Westchester.

"I didn't flirt with your wife," protested Markert.

Parent didn't believe him and proceeded to break the fruit man's nose and blacken an eye. Policeman Lowry arrested the smiter and took him to night court.

"Since we have been married," said Mrs. Parent to Magistrate Marsh, "all the men have tried to flirt with me. My husband has had to thrash three of them in as many months."

"That's all very well," said the Magistrate. "But he can't beat up a man this way. I fine him \$10."

Mrs. Parent paid the bill. Her husband said he let her manage the money. He is 21 years old, a moving picture operator and heavily built. Markert is medium sized.

TWO BUSINESS MEN "RUN IN" AS CROOKS

Zealous Sleuth Takes Them From Subway Train, Despite Explanations.

LINED UP WITH CRIMINALS

Fingerprinted and Inspected at Headquarters Before Identity Is Known.

Zeal in a policeman is a fine thing, but when it leads him to arrest two reputable business men in the subway, take them to a police station despite protest, then to Police Headquarters to be inspected at morning roundup by masked detectives, fingerprinted and photographed in an effort to fix criminal records on them it is carrying a good thing a little too far, as one of the victims said last night.

William J. Flynn of the West Sixty-eighth street station is the zealous detective and the business men are Jacob Brozman, 1170 West Farms road, The Bronx, who for twenty-five years has been manager for C. W. Wolf, dealer in leather goods of 15 Beaver street, and Morris Davidowitz of 27 West 114th street, for twenty years assistant manager of Fredman Bros., cloaks and suits, Broadway and Twentieth street.

The two men were standing up on the Lenox avenue express in the morning rush hour. They had been squeezed close together by the crowd and other men were wedged tightly against them.

Flynn was in the crowd. At Seventy-second street station he touched both men. "Come on, I want to talk to you," he said, and he made both men leave the car, when he showed his badge.

Explanations of No Use.
Davidowitz was angry and protested loudly when Flynn said that he was a pickpocket. Davidowitz said that he was an honest business man, but Flynn only smiled.

"I've got you both right," he said. "Come with me."

Brozman protested. When Flynn had taken the men to the West Sixty-eighth street station to be booked on a charge of justifying Brozman demanded the right to call up his employer and notify him of the arrest. He and Davidowitz protested that they had done nothing, but Flynn only smiled.

Finally they were booked, and then Flynn took them to Headquarters to have their records examined. On the way downtown Brozman showed two bank books and a medal, dated 1905, showing that he had been president of the Zionist Association. The medal bore his name.

Flynn began to speak under his breath, but he had to go through with it. "Flynn was as decent as he could be," said Brozman later, "when you realize that he thought we were simply crooks who were trying to lie out of the situation."

"When he got us to Headquarters we were taken into a room and then our fingerprints were taken. I said that I demanded the right to speak under his proof, but he had to go through with it."

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he had a big piece of tissue paper over his mouth.

"I told everybody who seemed to be in authority that I was a decent business man and had been arrested under a mistake, but none of them paid any attention to the fact that I was a decent man except the one man who laughed until a lieutenant stopped him."

Discharged in Court.
After the whole Detective Bureau had searched the records for more than an hour Flynn took both men to West Side Court, explained to Magistrate Simms that he had made a mistake, and the men were honorably discharged.

"I haven't made up my mind yet whether I am going to sue anybody for false arrest or not," said Brozman later. "Flynn was as decent as he could be; I figured out that he is a hard working detective and did whatever he did for the best interests of the city, but had happened to make a mistake. I wouldn't want to see him suffer."

After he had been honorably discharged Brozman went to see Commissioner Rubin and told him the story, placing emphasis upon the part where the disagreeable detective had laughed at him and the other prisoners. Commissioner Rubin said he would investigate and would notify Brozman when to appear to identify this detective.

"I have no grudge against Flynn," said Brozman, "but I'll make the other fellow suffer for the way he acted. Even if a man is a crook there is no reason why a thick cop should try to make things miserable for him."

SIX BATTLE IN TROLLEY CAR.
Two Detectives Pounce on Four Men as Pickpockets.

As a result of numerous complaints at Police Headquarters recently of the pickpockets on the surface cars on Columbus avenue and Central Park West, Detectives John Griffin and James Murphy were sent out yesterday afternoon to look for familiar faces.

At 9 o'clock they saw four men, two of whom they knew, board a crowded northbound Eighth avenue car at a crowded station. The four men were said to have surrounded two men standing in the middle of the car and started crowding.

The detectives grabbed them at Forty-ninth street, and with the help of uniformed men took them, fighting, to the West Sixty-eighth street station.

The prisoners said they were Edward Burns, 33 years old, of 25 West Thirty-ninth street; Martin Lewis, 23 years old, of 210 West 109th street; Henry Brooks, 25 years old, of 1464 Madison avenue, and Joseph Murray, 34 years old, of 116 West Forty-ninth street. The police say they know Lewis and Murray.

He had on hand some of the finest unfinished worsted loomed in America—enough to make 106 topcoats like the London coat. We took it all at a special price; oxford gray and black; and told him to reproduce the London coat.

He did.

The coats are beauties; lined with silk in sleeves and over shoulders down to below the blades; buttons are all buffalo horn; seams are all piped.

Spring wearables are coming in every day.

JOHN WANAMAKER
Broadway at Ninth

SPRING AND SUMMER RESORTS.
NEW JERSEY.
Atlantic City.

NEW IDEAS IN MEN'S CLOTHES
aren't born every minute—
Here's one, however, that we're very glad to call our "baby" since it's destined to become so popular.

Oxford sack coats and vests, to be worn with striped worsted trousers.

Some of the coats are braided.

Not quite so formal as the cutaway, yet equally smart, with the added advantage of the comfortable feel of man's everyday clothes.

The latest from Ulster!!
A consignment of Irish steamer rugs—hand woven and washable.

Unique and very moderately priced, \$12.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY
Three Broadway Stores
at 13th St. at 34th St.

Warren St. 13th St. 34th St.

HOTEL DENNIS
The Hotel with the distinctive features. Located and planned so as to offer a large number of rooms facing South. Directly overlooking Boardwalk and Ocean.

Fire proof addition of 200 rooms with baths. A model for comfort and convenience.

ALWAYS OPEN.
Capacity 600.

HOTEL CHELSEA
Occupying entire block of ocean front. The fashionable Chelsea section. Ideal chambers with private baths (fresh and salt water). Open air, French chef, excellent cuisine. Golf privileges. Atlantic City Booklet. Open all year. J. S. THOMPSON, CO.

Marlborough-Blenheim
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
JOSHUA WHITE & SONS COMPANY

HOTEL NEW ENGLAND
So Carolina ave. and beach. Ocean view. Private bath, running water in rooms, elevator, bath, sun parlor, French chef, excellent cuisine. Special winter and spring rates. Atlantic City Booklet. Open all year. J. S. THOMPSON, CO.

Asbury Park.
ASBURY PARK
North Jersey's Ideal Spring Resort. Well equipped. French chef. Excellent cuisine. Boardwalk Casino.

For program address
Information Bureau, 325 B. R.

VERMONT.
LAKE COTTAGES
On Shore of One of Prettiest Lakes in Vermont.

IN "THE MOST DELICIOUS REGION OF VERMONT."
From six to ten rooms, fully furnished, with electric lights, running water, hot and cold water, open fireplaces, complete electric ranges for cooking, complete electric refrigerators, power lawns, etc. etc. etc. All cottages have private baths, and are situated on the shore of Lake Umbagog, which is the most beautiful lake in Vermont. Beautiful drives, telephone, fire, etc. etc. etc. Groceries, laundry, etc. and all other services. House if preferred; best of references. Rates \$25 to \$45. May 30 to Oct. 15. Write for illustrated booklet. Address W. J. S. Box 100, Lake Umbagog, Vt.

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Virginia Ave. and beach. Ocean view. Private bath, running water in rooms, elevator, bath, sun parlor, French chef